

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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THE REVOLUTIONARIES.

In the land of myriad lakes and wood
Three valiant men arose;
The governor seized them where they stood
And marched them over the snows.

Six bitter months they tramped along,
Exiles, eastward bound,
Till the firwood sang a desolate song
Where they slept, on Asian ground.

What echoed up through the frozen mould?
'Twas a buried signal, heard
Like prisoners' knockings, faint yet bold,
That carry the secret word.

Up from the hollow domain of earth,
The dead men's whisper rings;
"O brothers, proven in trial and worth,
What news of mortal things?"

"A thousand thundering miles of war
Have shaken our heavy sleep;
Are the torches of Freedom blazing far?
Shall the sowers of Freedom reap?"

"Lie down, lie down: the dark is well;
Turn back to your quiet graves;
For the kings, who opened the gates of hell,
Cheer on their willing slaves."

"We turn again to the dust, and wait.
Hushed sentinels of Time:
Till the strong have gathered before the gate
Of old and chartered crime."

Till the workers fight with naked swords
For the wealth their own hands wrought;
Hew down their clamouring over-lords,
And set their spells at naught.

"Till, linked in a world-wide battle-line,
Our shoulder-comrades stand
To offer their blood like joyous wine
For a vast, united land.
Till they cry 'Immortal dead, come forth!
And follow the fight again',
Then shall we leap from the bonds of earth,
To the war which gives a world new birth,
When Justice comes to reign."
—ROSALIND TRAVERS HYNDMAN,
in "Justice."

The Passing Show.

Open your minds and let Socialism in.

Capitalism takes it out of your hide:
Socialism will put something in your nut.

Capitalism makes you produce a surplus
and then wastes it. Socialism will
cut out all waste and give every man
what he produces.

A capitalist lullaby: "You'll get pie in
the sky when you die."

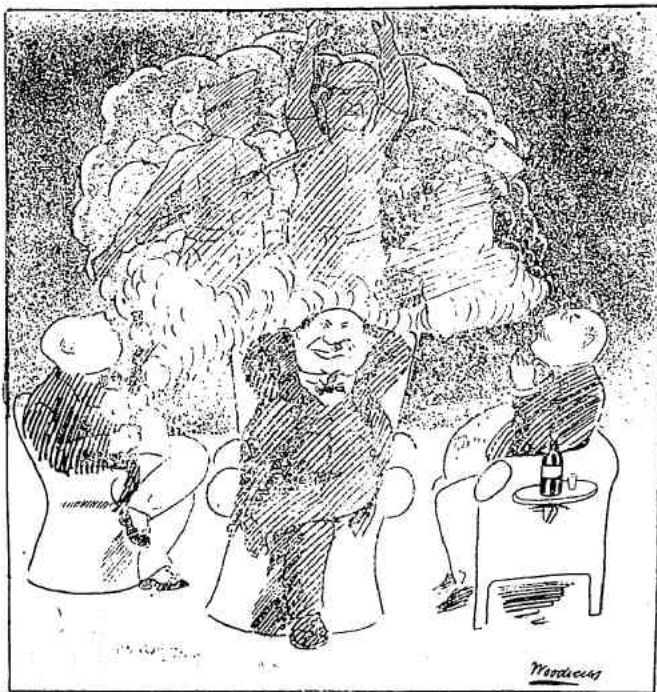
Capitalism is that form of society in
which the many must work themselves
to death in order that the few may live
in the lap of luxury.

The workers are slaves from choice,
but their choice is the result of their ig-
norance and their prejudices. If you
can get a slave to read a Socialist paper
or booklet, you have taken the first step
to emancipate him.

The workers are becoming profoundly
disgusted with Fisher, Hughes, Pearce
and Company. These fellows have sold
the workers a gold brick and enriched
themselves from the deal. Had the
workers only studied Socialism they
would never fall to such raw deals.

The Ozonia Proprietary Company
were fined £20 at Sydney recently for
selling and falsely describing a patent
medicine, named "Ozonia." A Board of
Health Inspector in evidence stated that
the medicine was 99½ per cent. water,
worth 1d. a bottle, and sold at 7s. 6d.
The Company admitted the soft impeach-
ment, but said there was no intention to
defraud. On looking into most business
enterprises, one sees that in the main
there is no intention to defraud. The in-
tention is to make as much profit as pos-
sible, and in doing this most business
men work within laws made by men who
act for them as legislators. Colored glass
sold to niggers and colored water sold
to white mugs are crude forms of profit-
eering, but they don't differ much from
the methods of high financiers, loan-
mongers, and other fellows higher up in
the fleecing game of Capitalism.

French peasants, on seeing the Scottish



The Employers' Dream of Industrial Conscription

Highlanders, tell each other that their
trousers have been stolen by the thieving
Germans.

Prime Minister Hughes' New Year
cards are arriving. He is appealing to
all patriots to fill them in and state when
they are willing to go to the front. Those
who are unpatriotic enough to state that
they are not willing to go, are not ap-
pealed to. They aren't wanted. We may
be sure that thousands will avail them-
selves of the opportunity to let little
Billy know they are willing to stay at
home.

Lord Milner says he is "painfully con-
scious that the Empire question has not
hitherto attracted the masses." No, the
"Empire question" has most attraction
for warlords, conquerors, and other high-
class exploiters.

Writing of a recent land ballot in the
Ravensworth (Q.) district, the "Aus-
tralian Worker" says: "There was a
great rush for these blocks, by the way—
which shows how frightened of the Labor
Government they are." But is it not a
disgrace to apy Government when men
want land to cultivate and cannot get it,
when scores rush to ballot for a single
block, which only one can win? Farmers
rush to such ballots because they are
willing to work, and know that under
both Liberal and Labor Governments the
time is rapidly approaching when no
farmer will be allowed to grow anything
unless he pays some landlord his price.

Mrs. Holman, wife of the N.S.W. La-
bor Premier, has been on a jaunt to
America. She says that in that country
"even a simple luncheon was an affair of
nine courses, and to be invited to dinner
was somewhat of a penance, since it was
such an elaborate affair, and the hospi-
tality was so overwhelmingly lavish."
Fancy, luncheons of nine courses! And
poor hubby merely a Laborite.

A "Sun" heading: "Amazing Crook.
Apprehended in Sydney." The stop
should have been inserted after "amaz-
ing," for in a city so full of crooks it is
amazing that only one was apprehended.

Many a worker is raised on a bottle
and laid out in a battle.

Thus Major-General McCay in a re-
cent address: "I know people in this city
of Melbourne who look upon the war as
an opportunity for making money. You
women who knit socks for soldiers all
know that you have to pay a great deal
more for the wool than you did twelve
months ago. It is not because the wool
cannot be got, but because the noble dra-
pper wants to make an extra profit. I
know the men, and I want them to know

that I have no use for them, and that
they are not the people we are fighting
for at Gallipoli."

If we aren't fighting for the profiteers,
who the deuce are we fighting for?

By the time the next Federal elections
are held workers will probably be much
wiser than they were when they voted
for their present leaders. They will see
that Labor warlords are no different
from Liberal warlords, and will be ready
to plump for Socialism and Socialist can-
didates. The Socialist Party will then
be called upon to justify its existence in
the political arena by running capable
men who will be prepared to sabotage
the exploiters by making them pay So-
cialists who work against them in their
own Parliament. It will be some fun to
see the master class paying men £12 a
week who devote their lives to the des-
truction of Capitalism.

Miss Eva Booth, commander of the
American branch of the Salvation
Army, says the nations at war in Europe
have forgotten God. Miss Booth is quite
wrong. The nations worship Mammon,
the God of profits, and they have never
for a moment forgotten him.

It has been said that all business is a
gamble. It is for most small men, but
there are a few in every country who
make a certainty of it by capturing and
working the machinery of Government.
The working class has got to get hold
of the levers and operate them for itself.

Premier Earl, of Tasmania, announces
that it is not likely that the Common-
wealth Powers Bill will be introduced, as
the Opposition has indicated a solid
front against it. This should open the
eyes of the Mugs in the apple garden.

"The law was such that the men could,
and did, strike when they liked, and went
unpunished; but let an employer create a
lock-out, and he would be quickly pulled
up and punished."—The President of
Sydney Master Builders' Association.

The employers can generally avoid a
lock-out and consequent punishment by
making their employees strike.

"I do not know what will happen, but
I believe that if . . . war broke out
it would probably be the last, and would
imperil bourgeois society."—Babel.

A soldier writing from the front says
life in the trenches would be tolerable if
it wasn't for the people opposite.

"There is going to be a new world al-
together, and every man has in his hand
the power to make or mar the new
earth."—The Bishop of London.

At present the majority are marring
the earth.

A sample copy of this paper is an invi-
tation to become a subscriber.

The "Sydney Morning Herald" says
that bad times are causing the poor of
Sydney to crowd together in single
rooms. Instead of saying "bad times"
the "Herald" should say high rents and
landlordism to make the position clear.

According to London "Justice" (Nov.
11), "Vorwaerts" was on the previous
Sunday again suppressed for having the
day before published a strongly-worded
manifesto from the Social Democratic
Party Vorstand against the increase of
food prices, which in the main was an
attack on the Government in dealing
with the question.

A casual glance at the war pictures in
capitalist sheets, which show the havoc
produced by a bombardment of a town,
should be helpful to those who are so
fearful that Socialism will "break up the
home."

The Australian has been main-
ly jumping from one political party to
the other in the past, but there are signs that
he is finding out that he has been jump-
ing in vain; and that there is nothing in
either of them for him.

Once upon a time there were two men
who refused to do any useful work. One
of them always lived and dressed well,
while the other contented himself with
cast-off clothing and hand-out victuals.
Society observed the two men, and gave
the one a palace and servants, but put the
other in jail, and forced him to work for
his rations. This caused some curiosity
amongst common people, and a few
spoke out boldly at street corners, say-
ing, "we notice that the poor fellow who
begs but doesn't rob anybody is jailed,
while the rich man who robs thousands is
handsomely rewarded." Society had the
man who said this jailed for daring to say
such things. Who, think you, moved So-
ciety to do this?

Let the things we don't know anything
or are not allowed to say anything about
go for a minute, and let us consider the
sequence of events in a matter we do
know something of and are permitted to
mention—the big military training camp
at Liverpool (the Sydney):—

1. Newspapers carefully muzzled (by
Pearce, chief muzzler, through his deputy
muzzler, Colonel McCay).
2. Enthusiastic observations by Pearce
about the good work at Liverpool. Also
ecstatic paragraphs in newspapers.
3. Orchard, M.H.R., makes disparaging
remarks about the system at Liverpool.
Is called a liar and a traitor. Pearce says
Orchard is talking rot.
4. Smell from Liverpool detected at
the Leeuwin.
5. Pearce appoints a Royal Commis-
sion (Justice Rich, of the High Court).
6. Rich investigates. Loud aroma. Re-
velations of chaos. Three cheers for
Orchard.
7. Rich reports. Pearce says every-
thing all right now. Knew all about it
before Orchard spoke.
8. Mess finally cleared up. Pearce per-
sonally inspects the situation and is
"Very pleased."
9. No one else pleased. More smell.
Riots. Men out of hand. Desertions.
Seizure of railway trains.
10. State Commandant appeals to men
to play the game.
11. Someone proposes to open a beer
garden in Sydney to assist in getting
things tidy.
12. McCay arrives and finds that the
whole business is rotten and declares
that officers and men must either get on
with the job or get out.
13. —
This is the brief history of the thing
we are allowed to say a word or two
about; and the people responsible for it
are the people to whom Australia is en-
trusting the job of spending £1,000,000
a week on the army alone!—The Bulle-
tin.

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Write on paper not larger than letter-paper, and thin enough to avoid getting us fined for over-weight.

Mark the package "Press Matter Only," and address it "To the Editor."

Write briefly and clearly, as long and undecipherable articles stand no chance of publication.

If your article is not published, do not conclude that it is because it is of no merit, for it may be simply owing to the fact that it is not in accordance with the above rules. Where possible, articles of importance should be type-written.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS DUE.

The number on the wrapper of your paper is the number at which your subscription expires. Renew before that number is reached.

We must all toil, or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse.—Carlyle.

"Compulsion."

The ruling faction of the Empire reached another stage last week, in its advance towards absolute conscription.

The war is bringing matters to a head, but long before the war started the National Service League, under the presidency of Lord Roberts, was working to popularise the idea of compulsory military service.

At first, the League made no secret of the fact that its objective was conscription, but it soon found that the word "conscription" had "an ugly foreign sound" in British ears, and its leading spokesmen ceased to use the word and protested strongly that what they aimed at was not conscription at all but merely compulsory military training and national service.

Since the war, however, the advocates of conscription have been emboldened, and though they still prefer the name "Compulsory Military Service" or "National Service," they are not so shy in letting it be known that they are after real conscription.

During the last few months we have been hearing a good deal about Lord Derby's scheme of voluntary recruiting. Lord Derby was in favor of compulsion we were told, but was determined to give the voluntary principle a last chance to prove its worth. If it failed we were to have a dose of "compulsion."

On the adoption of Lord Derby's scheme an elaborate classification was made by means of a national register of all men of military age. Those engaged in war work or necessary industry were ticked off, and the remainder were placed in forty-six groups to be starved into the ranks or harassed, importuned and intimidated until they broke down and enlisted to get away from the awful tormenting of the hired patriots. The scheme was a kind of "third degree" torture, and was well-calculated to defeat the will and impair the moral courage of the average worker.

Lord Derby, as chief recruiter, issued all kinds of letters and plaintive appeals for recruits to come to the rescue of the "voluntary" system, and according to all accounts, there was a tremendous rush to the colors as a result.

At the close of Lord Derby's campaign it became evident that every man with the least inclination to fight had been recruited, but it was also clear that large numbers of unmarried men had fought shy of the fighting game. With their eyes upon these young fellows, whom they deemed such excellent food for cannon, the conscriptionists declared the voluntary principle a failure. It did not enable them to seize the last man for their great sacrifice to Moloch, and no system could be a success which did not do that.

We were assured during the early stages of the war that our Empire leaders were out to smash Prussian militar-

ism and free Europe from the bondage of conscription. If that was so, then it appears that they have had the worst of it, for instead of crushing Prussian militarism and abolishing conscription they have been compelled to accept and adopt its main principle.

It is the fashion to write and speak of militarism and conscription as if they were a thing of German origin and growth, but this is quite untrue. Conscription was first adopted as a modern military expedient by the French. The French Directory in 1798 adopted the principle to support Napoleon's campaign, and on its adoption Napoleon cried "Now I can afford to expend 30,000 men a month." And he proceeded to expend them.

The conscript system was continued in France until 1872 when it was modified into universal personal military service.

Under the original conscript system, which is still in force in several European countries, the State claimed the service of every able-bodied adult male for war, but for economic and other reasons the claim was modified down to the following provisions:—

(1) That a certain number of recruits should be raised annually in each district, the requisite number to be obtained by drawing lots.

(2) Those selected by lot were to serve under the colors usually for a long period of years.

But (3) those selected by lot might avoid service by paying a certain indemnity, or by obtaining a substitute, by persuasion or purchase, to take their place. Clergymen, doctors, students, and certain other classes, as well as the only sons of widowed mothers, were usually exempted from service. Such was the old conscription.

Universal Military Service, on the other hand, was adopted by Prussia in 1813, and has since displaced, to a large extent, the old form of conscription in Europe. The compulsory service system differs from conscription in the following features:—

(1) Every able-bodied male (usually with certain exceptions pertaining to education and public service) must personally serve under the colors, no substitute being allowed.

But (2) the period of service in the ranks, instead of being for 25 or more years, is usually a short-service one limited, to two or three years, after which the soldier is listed on the reserve and returns to ordinary civil life, except for short periods of training. He however, still remains a soldier, always under military command until his reserve period expires, which is usually when he reaches 40 years. He may even be called up after that age in case of national emergency.

And (3) — which is most important — no pay or merely a nominal allowance of a penny or twopence a day is given to soldiers. Such is universal military service.

It will be seen that conscription and universal military service are the same in essence. The one is but a modified form of the other. Conscription is a form of universal compulsory soldiering, and universal service a form of conscription.

Conscription or universal compulsory service will always be more popular with the exploiting class which has to pay the cost out of what it filches from Labor. The difference between a penny or two-pence a day and 6s., constitutes for them a convincing argument in favor of the cheaper system, for it promises to leave in their hands the tidy sum paid for soldiering under the voluntary system.

Intercession.

Last Sunday the clergy made a special effort to induce God to do something for the cause of the Allies, and the Archbishops and other first-class praying experts rolled up in their high-powered cars to let him know exactly what they wanted. Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister, had asked them to use their influence, and the preachers rose to the occasion in their united strength. The Anglican Archbishop, Dr. Wright, was in fine form. He asked the Lord of Hosts to draw his sword in our aid and sock the Germans for all he is worth. He said God had done very well so far, the Germans having caught it hot, while our side had been preserved in a most miraculous and providential manner. This was mainly owing to the prayers and influence of Mr. Wright's church. God had not been deaf to their prayers, but had answered them over and over again in victory after victory. They thanked him for this. They were thankful that the Commonwealth Government had recognised that victory is in the hand of God and that the clergy could successfully work him.

Other preachers were equally emphatic, though some seemed to doubt whether God would interfere seeing that man had started (Concluded on page 4)

The Rebel's Library

"The Kingdom of Shylock."

BY FRANK ANSTEY, M.H.R.

A Little Book that will Make You Think.

THE FOLLOWING PARAGRAPHS ARE EXTRACTED FROM IT, AND GIVE A GENERAL IDEA OF ITS CONTENTS:—

Where is the Englishman who does not love the land of his nativity? Where is the one who, in the hour of struggle, does not forget all that is bestial in her cities and remember only all that is beautiful in the things left undefiled?

From every county in England, from every village, along every road and bye-way, long lines of unnumbered and now forgotten dead, through all the centuries, have poured forth to do battle for this little sea-girt isle.

Beside the King rode the fighting barony of England, and behind them the yeomanry from Kent and Devon and the hills of far Northumbria.

Wealth as well as human beings were offerings upon the altar of country. No Shylock could make a profit from war—he got no interest. No trader could "engross," or corner, the necessities of life—he got the hangman's knot. He was regarded as a traitor, and got a traitor's doom. And this was the law of the land for long centuries.

Thus it was that England for over a thousand years waged war at home and abroad—wars of aggression and defence—wars by sea and land—wars on Spanish Main and coasts of Tartary—wars against Armadas of old Madrid and fleets of the bold Van Tromp—wars in Normandy and Flanders—wars of Roses and of Round-heads—wars inside and outside, civil and foreign, somewhere, always—and yet she emerged from that thousand years of bloody strife free of debt, no harpies within her borders to gather interest from the blood of battle.

Kings no longer go forth to battle, and money no longer freely serves the Nation that protects it. Men may die, but Money makes no sacrifice. It looks upon bloody war as a rich gold mine yielding fat dividends for ever and ever without end.

Human bloodsuckers, who risk neither life nor limb nor penny, wax fat on Armageddon. They constitute the "Money power" that bestrides all countries, and makes all nations its slaves. It exercises political power under every form of government, making the world one wide dominion over which its black flag flies unchallenged.

The "Money Power" is something more than Capitalism. It is its product, and yet its master. "Capitalism" in its control of the great agencies of production, is observable and understandable. The other lurks in vaults and banking chambers, masquerading its operations in language that mystifies or dazzles. Industrial Capitalism may roll itself up into great monopolies in production and distribution. It cannot exist for an hour apart from the powers that hold the "Monopoly of the Instruments of Exchange." The men who to-day control the one control the other. In every land the one set of men have their hands on both levers.

Profits are piled up in bank credits, re-invested, and re-invested until the field of industrial activity is exploited to its limit. Money, in the language of the market, becomes "plentiful" and "cheap." In other words, the industrial outlets are diminishing, and the rate of interest, the "reward of Capital," is falling. It will fall to zero. Something must be done—it is done. International hatreds are stimulated. People prepare for peace by grinding the axe of bloody slaughter. Armaments are demanded, loans are raised, and the right to levy perpetual tribute on the nation is given in return. Even this is insufficient to mop up profits as rapid as their accumulations.

So war comes. Any pretext suffices; but war must come. War swallows millions of the piled profits—interest rises. More millions of loans—higher and yet higher interest. Much rubbing of hands on the Stock Exchanges—3½ per cent. yesterday, 4½ to-day, and 5½ or 7 to-morrow.

Men may rot on battlefields, but Money gathers an ever-increasing harvest of rich, ripe fruit.

Levy men? YES.

Levy money? NO! NO! NO! Gott in Himmel! That ish confiscation. We will lend it to you at such interest.

So the nation can levy men, levy men—but not Money. Men may die—Money lives. Men come back armless, legless, maimed and shattered—money comes back fatter than it went, loaded with coupons, buttered with a perpetual lien upon the toil of the fathers and mothers and sisters and

brothers of the men who died, that the nation might live. Where, in the name of God, is the "love of country" to those vampires who batten and grow rich on the rotting carcasses of the world's humanity.

Great Britain, we are told, is now spending £3,000,000 per day—or, over 1000 millions per annum. The national debt is already doubled—before long it will be trebled. Taxation upon the populace will be correspondingly increased. The workers will be bondslaves to the "Bondholders." So will it be in Australia. Yet the more the banks lend the stronger grow their resources. They can lend ten, fifty, a hundred times the amount of gold in their vaults, and yet the gold remains—THE ONLY LIMIT ON "LOANS" IS THE CAPACITY OF THE PEOPLE TO CARRY THE LOAD OF INTEREST.

The London "Economist" tells its readers that the first twelve months of the war will cost the five great nations 3,500 millions. Two years will not cost less than 7,000 millions. THIS WILL IMPOSE AN ANNUAL INTEREST CHARGE OF OVER 300 MILLIONS PAYABLE TO THE INTERNATIONAL GANG, TO WHOM WAR MEANS MILLIONS OF ADDITIONAL INCOME FROM UNENDING MISERY TO MILLIONS.

Where does this vast quantity of "borrowed money" come from? Where does it go to? How comes it that, after thousands of millions have been poured into the gutter that as much remains in the great banks as before the war?

The last loan of 350 millions raised by the British Government draws back the curtain for those who have eyes to see.

Viscount St. Aldwyn, of the London Joint Stock Bank, told a group of London financiers:—"The British Government called into its Councils the representatives of the great banks, of the Stock Exchange, of the accepting houses; and, in fact, of all interests principally concerned."

And on the advice of those "principally concerned," the British Government floated its 350 millions loan at 4½ per cent., with the right of lenders to convert a corresponding amount of low-price loans into present price. The loan is to be raised in instalments of fifty millions.

Thus all that is necessary for a 350 millions loan is a 50 millions pool on the part of the great financiers. It goes out in wages to soldiers and makers of requisites of war, passing along the channels of trade back to the banks for the next instalment. Thus the circle is complete. To the on-lookers there is a never-ending procession of cash. It is financial legerdemain. By it nations are deluded, defrauded, and enslaved. Thus thousands of millions are loaned, yet as much remains in the vaults of the great banks as before the first penny was floated. With every new war loan the "rate of interest," the rate of blackmail, upon the struggling nationalities, is increased.

This financial pigeon-plucking scheme is about to be worked on the Australian public. It will be dressed in popular garb. It will have "democratic" and other such labels stuck upon it, but at the end of the year the Australian toiler will find himself scaled for an extra £2,000,000 per annum. The bulk of that amount will be in the pockets of the gang running the Australian money market.

The load of interest will be so great that the annual revenue will not be equal to the liquidation.

The war over, and the people under the burden of millions of interest, profits flow once more into the channels of industry at the higher rates of interest created by the war.

OUT OF THE WAR WILL COME FOR EVER ANNUAL DIVIDENDS IN THE SHAPE OF INTEREST UPON THE MONEY INVESTED IN BLOOD; FOR THIS THE PEOPLE MUST TOIL.

Out of the war will emerge two classes—Bondholders and slaves to the Bondholders.

Listen to Lord Inchcape, of the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited:—"The heavy taxation in which Europe is involved to pay the interest on the money already borrowed, and on the hundreds of millions yet to be raised, will press heavily on the people. THEIR PURCHASING

The European War.

(M.O. in the Boston "Globe.")

Then the war came, and they told him that the solemn hour had come
When brave men to save the flag should all turn out,
So he cheered for home and liberty and fell in behind the drum,
Tho' he didn't quite know what 'twas all about.

He fought gamely while he could
(As a common soldier should
Who doesn't question what he's fighting for)
Till a passing lyddite shell
Swept his soul to heaven, or—well
What's the holocaust, what's one grave more,
In the ruined home of war

His general saw the battle from a hill two miles away
Where no noisy shells disturbed his quiet retreat,
Then he called home the story of a sanguinary fray,
Told how he fooled the enemy and gained a hundred feet.
The papers eulogised him as the nation's hope and pride,
They named the cities' streets to perpetuate his fame,
They voted him a town house, and a lot of cash besides,
And tacked a dozen letters to his name.

O, 'tis just the same old story,
War has still rewards and glory
For the fellow with the gold lace and the frills,
But if the ordinary chap
Comes unharmed thro' the scrap,
He'll slave his life away to pay the bills.

POWER WILL BE REDUCED AND THE STANDARD OF LIFE MUST BE LOWERED.

The arms of Britain, France and Russia may be as triumphant as those of Rome in the days of its greatest glory—yet the workmen of all the combatant nations will emerge from the war steeped in such awful poverty, such abject slaves of Mammon, that they will wish they were dead.

Lloyd George speaking in the House of Commons on May 12, said:—"Distress, misery, and wretchedness always follow a great war." He went on to say:—"THE STANDARD OF LIFE MUST BE REDUCED."

The English financial journal, "The Economist," in its issue of May 22, affirms that as an inevitable sequence of this war—"THE STANDARD OF LIFE MUST BE REDUCED."

Yes, workingmen! You shall eat less—have poorer food—shabbier clothes—have scantier furniture—fewer pleasures—and know more hardships than ever you knew in all your days and generation.

You want to know "Why?"

Is it not plain? If every year Shylock is to draw hundreds of millions more in interest from his investments on wasted lives and bloody slaughter, you who remain alive must slave for it and pay for it! All your days shall be "made bitter with hard bondage." That is your future, workingmen. That is what they mean when they say THE STANDARD OF LIFE MUST BE REDUCED.

"The purchasing power of the masses reduced?"—Yes.

"Their standard of life reduced?"—Yes. All who come out of the war alive must be bled dry, that interest-mongering vampires within the nation may extract from the products of toil hundreds of millions per annum, and it is for this and for these that nations are thrown like dogs into the pit of mutual bloody slaughter.

The nations—British, German, French, Russian, Austrian, Australian—come back from the war, doomed to pay annual tribute, not to a foreign conqueror, but to a small exclusive moneyed clique within the nation—the Kings of the Kingdom of Shylock.

There are statements in Mr. Frank Anstey's pamphlet with which I do not agree. But its general purpose is such that I am pleased to make without comment these large extracts from it, and to recommend all who care for the welfare of the people to read it at once.

JOHN F. HILLS, M.A.

Glenelg, S.A.

THE CAUSE OF WAR.

There is one great truth that the workmen of every nation must learn.

It is this: You produce more than you can buy back with your wages.

In order to give you employment the owners of the machinery of production must have foreign markets at any cost, in which they can dispose of surplus products.

The capitalists are up against this problem. They cannot all secure and retain foreign markets—some must be beaten out. But none will submit without a struggle.

This means war—Capitalism always means war.

The receipt of a copy of this paper is an invitation to become a subscriber.

A Revolutionary Party.

Amusing Situations Up North.

A fit of energy has seized us; an outlet must be found, and so we feel constrained to write of the situation as it presents itself here in Brisbane. A Labor government attaches itself to the cushioned seats of Parliament House. It treats with a benign tolerance the rabid vapors of the local Industrial Council which has absorbed the fighting element of the I.W.W. and the human "verbiage" of the Socialist Party. The fighting section of the latter is incapable of absorption.

The mixture of a fighting quality with a "windy" quantity has been provocative, this past few months, of a few amusing situations. When these have been explained you will understand why the Labor politicians in the George-street house of leisures are unperturbed by the frothy emanations of the local council of industrial politicians. A short time ago a number of University professors attended the Trades Hall in order to place the war-position before the Industrial Councilors. They desired their co-operation in the prosecution of munition-making. The Councilors showed fight. War and war-makers were doubly damned; the air was red with revolutionary rhetoric. The local press next day thought it had discovered a nest of German plotters and much ink was spilt in editorial attacks upon the anti-Britishers. A few days went by and our revolutionaries met once again, but now their ardor was cooled. What a change! No more did the council chamber re-echo to resounding revolutionary phrases but instead we were entreated to recognise that past utterances were but the effects of over-heated brains. The council was taken back into the fold of respectability. Then came the war census. "O, Liberty, shall man enthral thee?" The council stormed. Resolutions were framed and passed at express speed. Labor politicians and their works were anathema. "Arise ye toilers!" But it was all so much froth and bubble. Time, that tamer of excited humans, got busy and a brief space saw our windy rebels calmly filling in their census cards. The next storm was over the imprisonment of Mandeno. The liberty of the subject was assailed. The guardians of working-class freedom moved a motion. It was carried unanimously. Telegrams were despatched and deputations marched with due decorum to the offices of the State ministers and demanded Mandeno's release. For a space Premier Ryan was bluffed. He believed the story that if Mandeno was not released a general strike would be called. The local politicians got busy and continued so until one industrial councillor, just in confidence, you know, gave the show away by stating that the strike threat was so much hot air. Gee!—weren't those Trades Hall heroes angry. They were not to be outdone, though, by such traitorous action, and so further in-

sistent demands for Mandeno's release were sent along the wires, and honestly, telegrams would have been going yet had not Mandeno's time expired.

But wait. The head of the Labor administration was on a visit to the Wide Bay electorate. "Fellow councillors, be firm. We have been flouted and our words have been uttered in vain. Now is our opportunity. One more resolution and our power shall be felt in the land." It was resolved that in the event of Prime Minister Hughes failing to give a satisfactory answer to a deputation elected to wait upon him, the workers of Wide Bay be called upon to refrain from voting. This latest move was made possible by the Government's new method of "voluntary" enlistment. The deputation was duly ushered into the "Presence." Mr. Hughes spoke feelingly. He was hurt by the threat of opposition to the Government nominee. The deputation was insistent. They meant business this time. The I.W.W. section told the "chief joss" that they were willing to do their bit voluntarily, but by the O.B.U. they'd stand no damned conscription nonsense. Mr. Hughes was emphatic. The Empire must be saved. The deputation withdrew and reported to the council. The original resolution was resurrected but unanimity vanished. An amendment was moved which destroyed the sting of the resolution. It was thought that to refrain from voting Labor was too drastic. By the by, the mover of the original motion absented himself and so likewise a number of other councillors. Political futures were endangered. Several precious hours were spent in windy sparring, and at last the vote was taken and resulted in "last-mate," nine supporting the resolution and nine backing the amendment. Now you can understand why our Labour Party look with benign tolerance on the revolutionary (?) Industrial Council and perhaps when violent resolutions come floating down your way per medium of the press you will be able to gauge with some degree of accuracy their worth.

In conclusion we plead guilty to a feeling of remorse. We in the past have harbored the thought that the Socialist Party was the chief sinner in passing resolutions and failing to act upon them, but after our latest experience we conclude that whatever the faults of our party at least it can and does put up a fight occasionally, despite its penchant for resolutions.

The various members of the Brisbane Industrial Council may look down with disdain upon us, but they have yet to make a stand upon any question. May the future endow them with a little courage, for they lack it now.

Yours soiling,
(JAY KEW soiling?),
GEE BEE.

ABOUT WORMS.

Things are booming at the White City, one would not imagine that there was a world war raging. We are wage-slaves, strong in the wind and limb, sound, broken to saddle and harness, thick in the head, therefore fit wage plugs. A shilling an hour five wage-slaves sending round the troupes of merry-makers at 6d. a head. We receive 9/- each for a shift, and the management receives £110 for the same shift. That is going some. Of course they do not get that every day; some days they only make about £50 on our show. On the Scenic Railway they take £1000 in one day, so there must be some money in the country yet. The head grand poo-ba is the bean ideal of a capitalist, walks round in the ground in a tall silk hat, morning coat, hook nose, and an oily smile. The girls are quite in love with him. We send four minutes to go round, at 6d. a head, and then a fresh lot, the crowd crushing in regardless of boots slopping with water, wet feet, and dragged skirts. I am going to run a side-show next year.

I did not set out to talk about the White City, but about our landlord. You see we are living in slumdom—143 Bug Terrace, Woolloomooloo—five families in five rooms, and the landlord collects £2 a week rent, and collects it every week. Some parts of the house are falling away for the want of nourishment. Part of the ceiling fell on one of the lady boarders, and placed her hors de combat for a fortnight; of course she could have claimed compensation, but equally of course it is one thing for a friendless girl to claim and another to receive in our capitalist courts. But about our landlord. You

must know that he is a wowser, a real shining beacon, a father of the church, one of the lowly Jesus' flock, a humble follower of the Nazarine. When the rent falls due there he is waiting. I believe that he filed through the courts some time ago and now the wife signs his cheques. They tell me he is nearly a millionaire out of slum property. But he always prays to God. When he feels that he needs that spiritual guidance in collecting rents then he earnestly prays. When the missus of the house was three days behind with the rent he told her that there must be something wrong in her life; she must give herself more to God.

A short time ago he felt a great spiritual fervour come on so he knelt down and prayed far into the night, after which feeling strengthened and invigorated with God's guidance, he raised all the rents 2/6 per week. He told the tenants that it was after great struggle with his soul, and God had guided him. The house at the corner of the street was a disorderly one, and all the neighbours complained about it. He communed with God and then decided not to evict them (they were always regular with the rent). After most of the neighbours had given him notice to quit and a man in blue had appeared on the spot, God guided him to put out the disorderly crowd.

All the wage plugs at the White City worked Christmas Day without a murmur. Put a uniform on a wage slave and he struts about with importance—as Debs says, like a pimple on the face of a plutocrat, they become part of the show, slaves prepared to crawl like worms before the boss, and arrogant, pompous hirelings before anyone they

Short Cuts.

The Class Struggle is always with us. The working class possesses only one commodity—labor power—which it must sell. Like any other commodity labor-power can be made a monopoly product. Those who have labor-power to sell get higher prices by making their commodity scarce.

Labor, on the whole, split and disorganised, has again and again had to rally its forces in order to snatch victory from fate, but scarcely has it seen itself in possession of its rewards when it has again been robbed of the fruits of victory. Whatever it gained, the gain has always proved of an ephemeral nature. Higher wages have quickly been tilted away by higher cost of living. Better working conditions in one respect have been counterbalanced by refined methods of exploitation and speeding up as a set-off.

This should convince the workers of one thing. The class struggle is always with us. It is no use thinking that when one victory has been obtained the gain will be permanent. It will only endure as long as it is in the power of the working class to retain it. We must always be prepared to fight, not on one point or along one line only, but on all points. And we must not dissipate our strength on essentials. Our attention must be concentrated on things that matter, and our methods must be direct and scientific. We must consider what is likely to bring the most tangible results.

On the industrial field the Australian workers lately have been far too confident in the sufficiency of relying on paternal authority to minister to their needs. The faith has been somewhat shaken—not too early—by the failure of the legal machinery to guarantee economic security to the working class. So far from helping the working class to obtain a larger share of the wealth it produces, the governmental authorities have had to announce that they can no longer maintain a living wage for the workers.

It is time the workers should bestir themselves to do something for themselves. No one else will do anything for them. The Government will not do anything for them. The forces against labor are too strong at present to obtain anything by indirect means. There is only the method of direct action left at present. Let us see what we have on our side in a struggle against the economic and political powers arrayed against us.

We possess only one commodity—labor power—which we must sell. We cannot withdraw our labor power from the market altogether, because that would lead to our own defeat. But we can do the same with our commodity as can be done with any other commodity. We can make it a monopoly product and obtain monopoly prices for it. The Standard Oil Trust cannot grow rich by ceasing to sell oil. But it can obtain higher prices by placing only limited quantities of its product on the market and charging as much for it as its customers can afford to pay. Equally so can those who have labor power to sell get higher prices—i.e., higher real wages—for their commodity by making it scarce. This can only be done if they are solidly organized into one union with a single purpose. Capitalist society must buy a certain amount of labor power in order to keep the system going. Make labor scarce, and you can have a say in fixing the terms on which it shall be supplied.

How are we to make labor scarce? The most direct method would be by making the universal working day shorter. If all the workers in Australia, including rural workers, worked only six hours a day, labor would be so scarce that the capitalists would have to implore the workers to work on terms at least better than those prevailing at present. The capitalists are forced to keep their capitalistic joints going in order to be able to make a living for themselves.

But the struggle will have to be kept up for ever. We may as well realise it. If we have got weapons at our disposal, the capitalists have got weapons as strong as ours. Our advantage is that we have right and justice on our side.

H. CHRISTOPHERSON.

TO A FALLEN HERO.

I see you lying there upon the field,
The sunset all that flushes your young cheeks,
The mist, like groping fingers, your white brow seeks
As if to print the kiss your mother cannot yield.

You were my foe—I should be glad you fell
And took to death the peril of your strength;
But somehow I grow sick at your limp length,
And wonder which of us is nearer hell.

I stilled the music that was in your heart,
I cheated some lass of her starry now;
I'd give an empire to recall you now,
And in a lone grave gladly act your part.
—P.B.G., "Exchange."

dare to. To look at some of them you would think they were receiving at least £30 a week instead of a bob an hour. Just fancy the revolution coming from such as this.

WYATT JONES.

A.S.P. News & Notes.

AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

Objective.—The social ownership with Democratic control of the means of Production.
Distribution and Exchange.
Headquarters: 115 Goulburn St., Sydney.
LUKE JONES.
General Secretary.

CENTRAL EXECUTIVE.

Next meeting of the C.E. will be held on Sat. Jan. 8.

LUKE JONES,
Gen. Sec.

SYDNEY BRANCH.

Last Sunday's Domain meeting was well attended and interesting addresses were delivered by Comrades Rennell, Rosenthal, Jenkin and others.

In the evening Comrades Rennell and Jenkin held a bumper meeting at Market-st. At the Hall, Comrade Rosenthal delivered an interesting lecture in the evening. He spoke fluently and well and made many good points.

Next Sunday's Domain meeting will be addressed by Luke Jones, Rennell, Slade, and others.

Luke Jones will lecture at the Hall in the evening.

MELBOURNE BRANCH.

It is a fearful satire on the world's alleged civilisation to allude to the last week in December as the season of "peace on earth and goodwill to men." In Melbourne Socialists and their principles are under the ban of a certain section of the wage slave class whose fetish is patriotism and worship of the official head of British capitalism. The local capitalist press are sooting on uniformed savages to attack any speaker from the Socialist stump or platform who tries to show the working class that war is no good to them.

On Sunday, 20th December, a horde of uniformed savages attacked that harmless individual, Chummy Fleming. His flag of anarchy at his usual stand on the Bank was torn down and burnt. Our speakers being away for their holidays, there was no meeting, much to the disappointment of those khaki-clad patriots who had gone to the Yarra Bank with the benevolent intention of "ducking them (swear word) Socialists in the river."

In the evening the same civilized animals prowled round the town in packs just as their remote ancestors, the cave men and anthropoid apes used to do in forests, seeking for their prey and things to smash and destroy. The Elizabeth Street Socialist Party's Hall was closed, and the man apes came along to Victoria Street. Much to their disappointment they found the hall in darkness, and after a lot of unchristian language and threats of what they might have done to speakers, they dispersed. Some humorist told them Miss Pankhurst was speaking at Port Melbourne, and off the pack went, seeking the blood of the little woman whom they howled down at a theatre a few Sundays ago.

Our Boxing Day Picnic was well attended, though many of the Party are away on holidays. Miss Annensen and Miss Phillips had the catering arrangements in hand, and filled the hungry with good things.

There being no Yarra Bank meeting or lecture in the hall on December 26th, our collections suffered in consequence.

Mrs. J. Macdonald was to have spoken in the evening on "Christianity and Socialism." This lecture will be given later on.

One of our Sunday School scholars, Andy Annensen, a boy of 12, has won a scholarship at a business college. For the final examination, entitling him to the scholarship, he had to compete against candidates from colleges and schools who were in some cases double his age. As a Sunday School scholar young Andy Annensen absorbed elementary scientific knowledge with a keenness that augurs great success in his future studies. If only working class children could be taught the elements of science and

INTERCESSION.

(Continued from page 2)

the war in defiance of the Almighty. Man is such a powerful wicked kuss that when he gets going in the direction of evil the Almighty can do nothing but sit tight and wait until he has cooled down.

However, God knows definitely what we want now. If he doesn't do something soon he may expect a general strike of the clergy. The Chinese may even be appealed to to bring pressure to bear on Joss. Up in North Queensland, if Joss doesn't bring rain or good crops, his worshippers tie a string to him and haul him towards the river while they pelt stones at him, and kick and abuse him to, as they say, "make him savvy." Usually, he doesn't "savvy" and is ignominiously thrown into the river, after which a new Joss is secured.

the great law of evolution, the industrial republic would soon eventuate.

J.M., Press Corr.

MOUNT LARCOM BRANCH.

On Dec. 5, we held our usual monthly business meeting. There was a good roll up of members and some good business was put through.

On the 18th., we held a discussion at Comrade P. E. Leydler's place, when some good addresses were given.

On the 24th., a social dance was held, the first half of the night being devoted to the children. For the young Socialists an Xmas tree was erected, a feature which they enjoyed immensely. Com. Kraphart's children sang "It's a long way to Peace and Freedom," which brought the house down. Other children contributed to the entertainment.

One of the comrades here had on experience of bonehead rule under labor government recently. He applied for a job on the railway but when the gauger heard his name he said he was not allowed to employ any Germans. Now, Comrade Editor, this looks well under wower Adamson, Minister for Railways, who about 18 months ago said at a meeting here that he did not learn Socialism from Marx, Engels, Liebknecht, or Bebel, but from Jesus Christ. I cannot find where the famous Carpenter ever said that his followers should not give work to their brethren because they happened to be born in a different country.

Chas. Jacobsen, Sec.

NEWTOWN BRANCH.

Branch Rooms, 41 Enmore-road, Newtown.

Economic and Debating Class held every Wednesday night.

Dancing Class held every Monday night.

PROPAGANDA FIXTURES.

Saturday: Chair, W. Gay. Speakers, F. Hancock, J. Kilburn.

Sunday: Chair, W. Gays. Speakers, F. Hancock, A. Kilburn.

Members are requested to attend the Annual Meeting, which will be held on Tuesday, January 11th, at 8 p.m.

Business: Auditor's Report, Balance Sheet, Election of Branch Officers.

Any member who has not given in the contribution card to be audited, is requested to do so.

RAY EVERITT.

PRESS MAINTENANCE FUND.

I.S. Club £2, I.S. Club Socials 11s., Domain Coll., £1 10s. 11d., S. Szepanski 3s., A.H. 5s., W. C. Ince 2s. 6d., A. Bernard 2s., P. Selzer 2s. 6d., F. C. Northage 4s., W. S. Leeds 1s., J. Webster 6s., J.G. 2s. 6d., A. L. Roberts 10s., R. W. Reeks 1s.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

J. Bevins 1s., Mrs. Needs 1s., S. Sepanski 4s., B. Sumsky 4s., G. Lowe 1s., W. D. McEachern 1s., P. Stanley 1s., J. Macfarlane 1s., R. Murphy 1s., J. Cain 1s., W. Dickson 1s., P. Selzer 1s., W. Harding 1s., A. Rachow 1s., P. Meyer 2s., W. S. Leeds 4s., W. Thompson 1s., R. Hill 1s., A. Ridout 1s., P. Shreeve 1s., J. Webster 4s., J. Kneesis 1s., A. Cunningham 1s., J. Pike 1s., F. Scarbrick 1s., F. Else-Mitchell 4s., G. Lee 2s., D. Krasnoff 1s., A. McInnes 2s., E. Byrne 1s., C. Black 2s., J. O'Malley 1s., J. O'Brien 2s., J. Dalsgaard 4s., K. Leslie 4s., J. Caddey 4s., W. Griffin 1s., Mr. Dempsey 4s., E. Braithwaite 4s., R. W. Reeks 4s., J. Little 4s., Renaud 1s., R. Allen 1s., E. Nelson 2s., A. Johnson 4s.

A doctor, a lawyer, a policeman, and an advertising man, all met one day at the corner drug store. Said the doctor: "I am against Socialism because the Government would introduce scientific and sanitary measures that would stamp out most diseases, and soon I'd be out of a job."

"And I," said the lawyer, would lose my job because the Socialist Government would make justice free."

"And poor me," exclaimed the policeman, "I'd have no more job than a rabbit. Socialism would give every man a good job and there would be no thieves or robbers."

"And I," broke in the ad. man, would have to go to work producing things people wanted, instead of inducing them to buy things they do not want."

It was a sad meeting.—Appeal to Reason.

The "International" Postbag.

Glanville, Port Adelaide.

Dear Comrade,—

Enclosed is sub. for 1916, to the I.S., and the usual instalment of my self-imposed levy to the A.S.P. in the form of a donation to the Press Fund, which fund,

I am sure, and glad has been largely the means of sustaining the journal through a trying time, and which said contribution I will maintain as long as I can, as there is so much need and scope for its further extension and usefulness, which I hope it will attain in a yet greater way somewhat during the coming year, while appreciating its full value and significance in its present form.

Nevertheless, I assist with the larger end in view, and with the faith in its ultimate not far-distant realization.

In this great spirit, I am yours as ever,

Fraternally,
With best greetings,
"ENTHUSIASTIC."

Woolgoolga, 30th Dec., 1915.
(The Editor "International Socialist," Sydney.)

Dear Comrade Editor,—

I have been spending a little time trying to find some kind of an acceptable New Year's greeting, and I forward it herewith in the shape of three new subscribers. I always think subs. to the I.S. the best form of propaganda work in the country, and I only regret that I do not have more time to spare in order to work up the matter. I notice that they always look for the paper after once they get a look at it. Sometimes I never get a look at my own copy, as so many want to see what it says about the war. I have determined to make their curiosity a source of help to the paper in future. You would be pleased if you knew how the paper is appreciated in these parts by the intelligent workers. 1915 will always stand out brilliantly in the history of the paper, and the movement in Australia. Throughout the wildest orgy of savagery and reaction ever known, the Socialist saviours have stood aside with calmness and the greatest courage and pointed out the path of salvation for humanity. May the workers in the movement write their name as deeply on page 1916, and may their class never forget the debt it owes to them.

Yours faithfully,
F. N. MURPHY.

"It has been left to an American to tell us all about the Dardanelles—why we failed, and the full measure of our failure," says the "Daily Chronicle." Captain Granville Fortescue, formerly of the U.S.A. cavalry and aide-de-camp to President Roosevelt, has written a book about what he has seen in the Dardanelles from the Turkish side. Our initial blunder, he says, was in having no land attack planned in conjunction with the naval assault. Without available land forces the naval assault should have been postponed. "It is the lack of foresight shown by the mind that conceived the plan of smashing a channel through to the Black Sea which is appalling. This mind worked either in ignorance of the facts, under serious misinformation, or in absolute contempt for all military and naval precedents. The latter is probably the fact." The English people were sadly fooled."

The tribute which Captain Fortescue pays to the heroism and self-sacrifice of troops in Gallipoli makes it all the more outrageous that such brave fellows should have been so uselessly slaughtered by sheer incompetence and gross mismanagement. "Surprise, one of the greatest elements of success in military operations, was lost. It would seem that the lesson of the German touch, as exemplified by the improvements of the defences of the Straits, was forgotten when the English commander proposed to get astride of the peninsula."

"Here is a low political economy, plotting to cut the throat of foreign competition, and establish our own; excluding others by force or making war on them; or, by cunning tariffs, giving preference to worse wares of ours. But the real and lasting victories are those of peace and not of war. The way to conquer the foreign artisan is not to kill him, but to beat his work."—Emerson.

"The trade which we can only capture by throttling Germany with the aid of the British fleet will not long be ours when normal conditions recur; and then what will become of the capital which we are adjured to put into it? How did Germany originally secure this trade? She won it fairly by science, intelligence, hard work, and adaptability. Only by those qualities can we recover and keep it."—"Times" (September 24, 1914).

THE PHYSIC FOR POMP.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoever you are,
That bid the pelting of the pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

—Shakespeare.

AUBURN BRANCH.

The above branch meets every Monday night at comrade Jenkin's residence, Kurradah Road, Auburn.

Those who desire to join the branch and help in forwarding the Socialist cause should hand in their names to the branch secretary.

J. J. KEGG.

Books and Pamphlets on Sale and to Arrive.

Title.	s. d.
The Positive Outcome of Philosophy, also in same volume Letters on Logic and the Nature of Human Brain Work (Dietzgen)	4s.
Landmarks of Scientific Socialism (Anti-Duehring). Contains the most important portions of the larger work from which Socialism, Utopian and Scientific was taken (Engels)	4s.
The Physical Basis of Mind and Morals. Shows the origin of mind and the relation of economics to morals (Fitch)	4s.
Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History (Labriola)	4s.
Socialism and Philosophy. In the form of familiar letters (Labriola)	4s.
An Introduction to Sociology. A new and useful work for beginners, tracing the development of this new science, with estimates of the work of Comte, Spencer, Ward, Small, and other Sociologists (Lewis)	4s.
Critique of Political Economy. Explains the general theory of surplus value and discusses the currency question (Marx)	4s.
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Principles of Scientific Socialism, a systematic and attractive statement of Socialist theories (Wails)	4s.
Woman and Socialism, the classic work on this subject, revised, enlarged, and newly translated (Bebel)	6s.
Ancient Society, the greatest and most revolutionary book on primitive man (Morgan)	6s.
Capital, Vol. I, The Process of Capitalist Production (Marx)	8s.
Capital, Vol. II, The Process of Circulation of Capital (Marx)	8s.
Capital, Vol. III, The Process of Capitalist Production as a Whole (Marx)	8s.
Introduction to Socialism. Excellent for beginners, 64 pages (Richardson)	3d.
Unionism and Socialism (Eugene V. Debs)	6d.
Industrial Socialism. Explains why the Socialist Party stands for economic as well as political action (Haywood and Bohn)	6d.
The Right to be Lazy (64 pages). (Lafargue)	6d.
Socialism, What It Is and What It Seeks to Accomplish. (Wilhelm) Liebknecht	6d.
No Compromise: No Political Trading Liebknecht's (Wilhelm)	6d.
Value, Price and Profit. Explains the vital things wage-workers need to know about economics, cloth. (Marx)	6d.
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One Big Union: An explanation of the principles of Industrial Unionism, with Chart showing the grouping of the Industries (Trautmann)	6d.
T. A. Positive School of Criminology. Three lectures explaining what crime really is (Ferri)	2s.
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Evolution, Social and Organic. Lectures showing that Socialism is the logical outcome of modern science (Lewis)	2s.
The Militant Proletariat, a discussion of the American working-class and the Socialist Party (Lewis)	2s.
Memoirs of Karl Marx. Delightful personal recollections (Liebknecht)	2s.
The Theoretical System of Karl Marx. Best and completest work on Marx's theories, with replies to critics (Boulin)	4s.
Life, Writing and speeches of Eugene V. Debs. A large volume originally published at 8s., containing all of Debs' most important writings, with a life sketch by Stephen M. Reynolds and a preface by Mary U. Marcy (Debs). Cloth.	4s.
Philosophical Essays, including the Religion of Social Democracy, the Ethics of Social Democracy, Social Democratic Philosophy, etc. (Dietzgen)	4s.
Revolution and Counter-Revolution, or Germany in 1848. The story of a fight won by wage-workers; then lost by their middle-class allies (Marx)	2s.
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The World's Revolutions. A historical study of the great Revolutions; the chapter on Christianity is especially fine (Untermann)	2s.
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Militant Proletariat, The, Austin Lewis	2 0
Origin of the Family, Frederick Engels	2 0
Puritanism, Clarence Melly	2 0
Russian Bastille, The, Simon O. Pollock	2 0
Science and Revolution, Ernest Untermann	2 0
Social and Philosophical Studies, Paul Lafargue	2 0

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